

# Wichita Daily Eagle

Her face was very pale, but in her eyes was a wistful look that made him uneasy.

"What is the matter, Winifred?" he asked.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

"I am not here," she said.

hint that a few children, by the way of a

stare, would be acceptable.

It would be hard to say just what it

was that induced Mom Bee to return.

She had been heard to tell Chaney, who

was temporarily residing over the

Thorne Hill kitchen, that "since mawster

could take care of old Dicky, he might

jest ez well tek care of Glory-Ann," and

also, she had been heard to declare that

she "wouldn't give a handfull of cow p

pus for duss young niggers of freedom

had plum' los' track of dey manners,"

but if her solemn assertion was to be be-

lieved, her return was prompted solely

by affection for "little Missy." She in-

formed Mrs. Henry, who she carried

back the side saddle, that she felt in duty

bound to look after "dat child." The

colonel, she explained, being only a man,

couldn't be expected to know how to look

after a girl; "ez fur Missie-virey—

well, Miss Myrtilla, you know Missie-

virey ain't got no scullionery"—what-

ever Glory-Ann might mean by that.

This settled again at Thorne Hill, this

faithful nurse kept a sharp eye upon

"little Missy," admonishing that young

lady as she saw fit, and criticizing her

visitors freely, for Missy was "sweet and

twenty" now, and had admirers not a

few. But the right man was slow to put

in appearance, or Glory-Ann was hard

to please. This one was stingy, that one

was wasteful, another had no manners—

Glory-Ann was exacting as to "manners"—

and yet another had no money, an in-

superable objection, in Glory-Ann's opin-

ion. "I shall never marry," Winifred would

say, gravely. "I am not like other girls."

"No, dat you ain't, no honey."

"I shall spend my life for my Brer

Nicholas."

"Don't you go promiss dat too fas' now

chile; yo' time ain't come," said Mom Bee,

with an air of prophecy that gave Missy

a vague uneasiness, remembering how

many of Mom Bee's sayings had come to

pass.

But something happened soon that

Mom Bee had never prophesied.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Col. Thorne did not immediately reply.

He could be as impulsive as Winifred

herself, but he could not be controlling.

"We have no assurance that Nicholas

still lives," he said, at last.

Winifred clasped her hands. "Let us

hope," she whispered.

"I am very tired, just now," the colonel

said. "I will lie down until morn-

ing is ready."

"He does not care?" thought Missy,

bitterly. How was she to know that he

sought the privacy of his own room to

hide the storm of mingled emotions that

shook his very life? He would have

Nicholas at home again, but he could

not bring himself to say so.

When he reappeared at dinner he was

calm, and immediately afterward he

ordered his horse and rode away. Missy

supposed that he was going to see her

Aunt Pauline and Flora.

It was long past 10 o'clock that night

when the colonel returned, and it gave

him a thrill of unaccounted joy to find

his daughter sitting up alone, to keep his

supper warm. At most did he hope that

she would send him but Winifred was

not actuated by anxiety on her father's

account; she had the utmost confidence

in his ability to take care of himself; her

subject in sitting up for him was to win

his favor for her brother. What unspeak-

able comfort it would have given her

could she but have known that he had

ridden to Tallahassee expressly to see

Capt. Fletcher, but her father did not tell

her; he only made her go to bed. He had

had his ride in vain, for Capt. Fletcher

was away, on a long delayed visit to St.

Mark's, and Col. Thorne preferred to wait

for an answer to the note he had left for

the captain before saying anything to

Winifred.

The news brought by Glory-Ann made

Miss Elvira very uncomfortable. She was

a creature of habit, and she had formed

the habit in the past eight years, of liv-

ing without her nephew. She had prac-

tically forgotten him. Every hope that

centered in him had died the day she

heard of his marriage with Dossie Furni-

val, and she could not see now that his

return, granting that he lived, was to be

desired. Indeed, Miss Elvira preferred

to believe him dead, since never, never

again could he be the Nicholas of old.

She had long persuaded herself that the

colonel would die his whole duty if he

made some provision for Nicholas in his

will; the prospect of having Dossie and

her children at Thorne Hill was regarded

by Miss Elvira pretty much as he might

have regarded an invasion of the Bar-

barians.

"You don't reflect how times are

changed, Winifred," she fretted. "And

there's no denying that Dossie cannot be

congenial to me, one of us."

"Let us find them first," said Winifred,

rejoicing; "all other questions can be

settled afterward."

"How are you going to find them?"